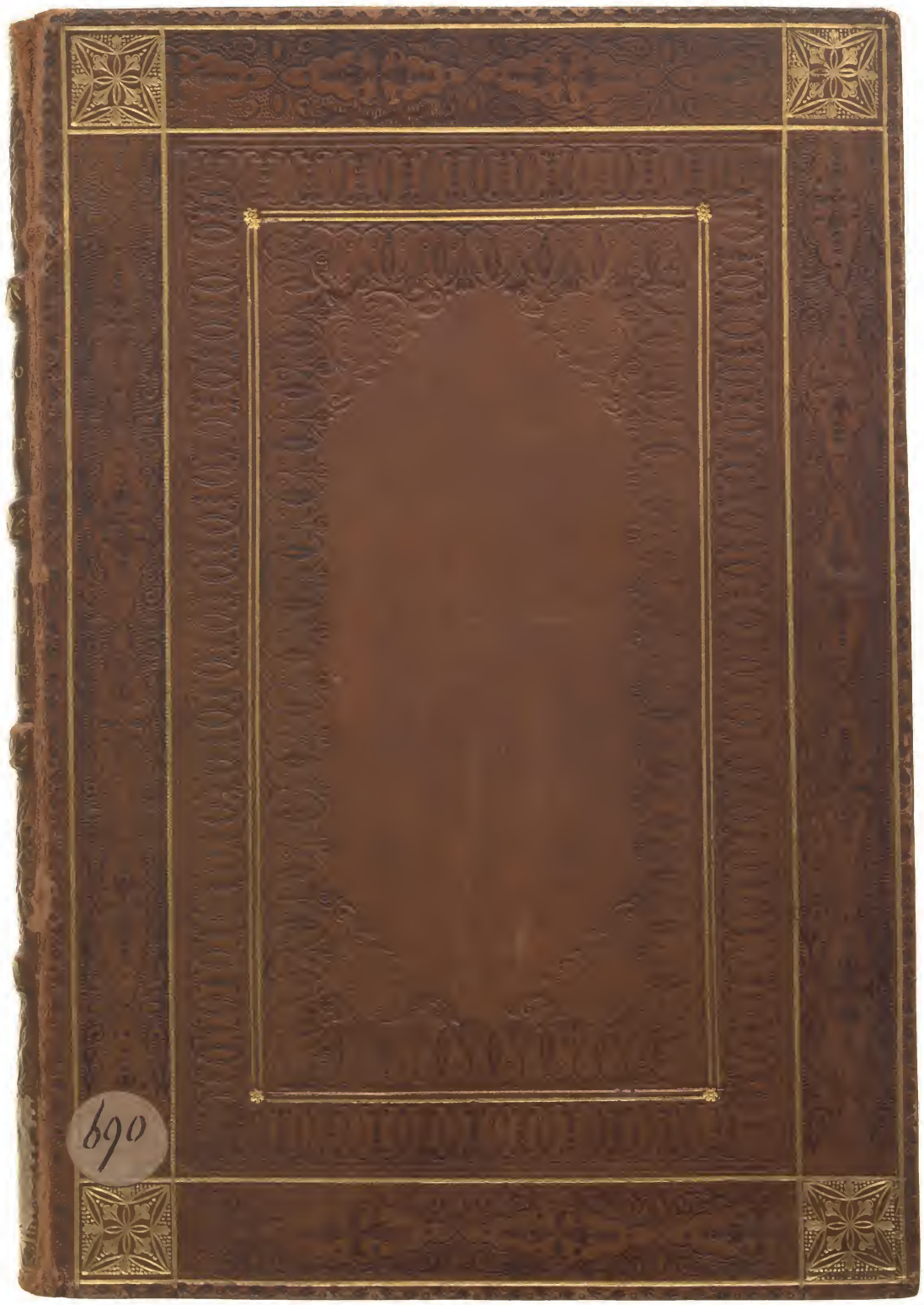
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THE MOST EXCELLENT And Lamentable Tragedie, of ROMEO and IVLIET.

As it hath beene ſundrie times publikely Acted, by the KINGS Maieſties Seruants at the GLOBE.

Written by *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

Newly Corrected, augmented, and amended.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

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Mr Heard

The Prologue.

CHORVS.

TWo houſholds both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge, breake to new mutinie.
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of Starre-croſt louers take their life:
Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their Death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearefull paſſage of their Death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their childrens end, nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres traficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtriue to mend.

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE Tragedie of ROMEO and IVLIET.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of* Capulet.

Samp. *Gregorie*, on my word weele not carie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, drawe your Necke out of the Coller.
Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.
Samp. A dogge of the houſe of *Mountague* moues me.
Greg. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant, is to ſtand, Therefore if thou art moued thou run'ſt away.
Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand. I will take the wall of any Man or Maide of *Mountagues*.
Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker veſſels are euer thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his Maides to the wall.
Greg The quarrell is betweene our maſters, & vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be cruell with the Maides, I will cut off their Heads.
Grego. The heads of the Maides.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what ſence thou wilt.

Grego. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele, while I am able to ſtand, and tis knowne I am a pretty peece of fleſh.

Grego. Tis well thou art not fiſh, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt beene poore Iohn: draw thy toole here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other ſeruingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee

Greg. How, turne thy back and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Gre. No marrie, I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the Law of our ſides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frowne as I paſſe by, & let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumd ſir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. Is the Law of our ſide if I ſay I?

Gre. No.

Samp. No ſir, I doe not bite my thumb at you ſir, but I bite my thumb ſir.

Gre. Doe you quarrell ſir?

Abra. Quarrell ſir, no ſir.

Samp. But if you doe ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Gre. Say better, here comes one of my Maiſters kinſmen.

Samp. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy ſwaſhing blowe. *They fight.*

Benu. Part fooles, put vp your ſwords, you know not what you doe

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. VVhat art thou drawne among theſe hartleſſe hinds:
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put vp thy ſword,
or mannage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. VVhat drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with clubs or partyſons.

Off. Clubs, Billes and Partyſons, ſtrike, beate them downe,
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues.*

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his Wife.*

Capu. VVhat noyſe is this? giue me my long ſword hoe,

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come,
And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his Wife.*

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me goe.

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foote to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteele,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beaſts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines:
On paine of torture, from thoſe bloudy hands,
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the ſentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbde the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens,
Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to party our cancred hate;
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,
Your liues ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mount. Who ſet this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſarie
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his ſword prepard,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſt him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchanging thruſt and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt Sunne.
Peerde forth the Golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind draue mee to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Weſtward rooteth from this City ſide:
So early walking did I ſee your ſonne,
Towards him I made, but hee was ware of mee,
And ſtole into the couert of the wood,
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found:
Being one to many by my weary ſelfe,
Purſued my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene ſeene,
With teares augmenting the freſh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more clouds with his deepe ſighes,

But all ſo ſoone as the all cheering Sunne,
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw,
The ſhadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heauy ſonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himſelfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire daylight out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night,
Blacke and protendous muſt this humour proue,
Vnleſſe good Counſell may the cauſe remoue.
Ben. My noble vncle doe you know the cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other friends,
But hee his owne affections Counſeller,
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcouery.
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere hee can ſpread his ſweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame.
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where hee comes, ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
Ile know his greeuance or bee much denide.
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt

Benuol. Good morrow Couſin.
Romeo. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſſe lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Rom. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In loue.
Romeo. Out.
Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should bee so tyranous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-waies to his wil:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue:
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.
Romeo. Why such is loues transgression.
Griefes of my owne lie heauy in my brest,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it prest,
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft, I will goe along.
And if you leaue me so, you doe me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*; hees some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?
Rom. VVhat shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who:

Rom.

Rom. Bid a sicke man in sadnesse make his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Couzen, I doe loue a woman.
Ben. I aymd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.
Rom. A right good marke-man, and shee's faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze is soonest hit.
Romeo. Well, in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastitie well armd,
From loues weake childish Bow she liues vncharmd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing teatmes,
Nor bide th' incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to Sainct seducing gold,
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when dyes, with beautie dyes her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge wast:
For beautie steru'd with her seueritie,
Cuts beautie off from all posteritie.
She is to faire, too wise, wisely too faire,
To merit blisse, by making me despaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,
Doe I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.
Ro. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Ro. T'is the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,
These happie Maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in minde they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a Mistris that is passing faire,
What doth her beautie serue but as a note,
Where I may reade who past that passing faire:
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else dye in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the World,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Pari. Younger then she, are happie Mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mard are those so early made:
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accustomd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as loue, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as doe lustie yong men feele,
When well apparelld *Aprill* on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come goe with me, goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are heere writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the Learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate griefe, cures with an others languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will dye.

Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in Prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you reade?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you reade any thing you see?

Rom. If I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can reade.

He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, *and his wife and daughters: County* Anselme *and his beauteous sisters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his lonely Neeces:* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine Uncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Cosen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Helena.

A faire Assembly, whither should they come?

Ser Vp.

Ro. Whither to supper.

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeede I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My Maister is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:
And these who often drownd, could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue? the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysde with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.

Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be shownne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse, *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I had her, come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God for bid,*
Where's this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. *Faith I can tell her Age vnto an houre.*

Wife. Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, & yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.*
How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. *Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeere come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene.* Susan *and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well* Susan *is with God, shee was too good for me. But as I said on* Lammas *Eue at night shall shee bee fourteene, then shall shee marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid worme-wood to my dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Doue house wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doe beare a braine. But as I saide, when it did tast the worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dug, Shake quoth the Doue-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then shee could stand alone, nay bi'throode she could haue runne and wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, and then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merry man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not* Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a iest shall come about. I warrant, and I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall*

backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not Iule? *It ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Iuli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt Babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee marryed once. I haue my wiſh.*

Old La. Marry that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be marryed?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre, were not I onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt thy wiſdome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well thinke of Marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count,
I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in brieſe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his Loue.

Nurſe. *A man yong Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.*

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not ſuch a flower,

Nurſe. *Nay, hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read ore the volume of yong *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with beauties Pen,
Examine euery ſeuerall liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content:
And what obſcurde in this faire Volume lyes,
Find written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To beautifie him, onely lackes a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the Sea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in gold clapſes, locks in the golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,

By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefely can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart myne eye
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make it flye. *Enter ſeruing.*

Seruing. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd vp, you cald, my yong Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantrie, and euery thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to waite, I beſeech you follow ſtraight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie ſtayes.

Nurſe. Goe gyrle, ſeeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercurio, Benuolio, *with fiue or ſix other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Romeo. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood-winckt with a Skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance.

Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them aboue a common bound.

Romeo. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light feathers, and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie burthen doe I ſinke.

Mercu. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Romeo. Is loue a tender thing? it is to rough,
Too rude, too boistrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs,
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceleſſe rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerb'd with a graunsire Phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the Constables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. Thats not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay,
We waste our lights in vaine, Lights Lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgements sits,
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a Dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro. In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things true,
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
Shee is the Fairis midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger
then an Agat stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noses as they lie a-
sleepe: her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs: the couer
of

of the wings of grasse-hoppers, her traces of the smalleſt Spider
web, her collers of the moon-shines watry beames, her whip of
Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small gray
coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little worme, prickt
from the lazie finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Hasell
nut, made by the Ioyner squirtell or old Grub, time out a mind,
the Faries Coach-makers: and in this state she gallops night by
night, through louers brains, and then they dreame of loue. On
Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies straight, ore Lawyers
fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who strait on
kisses dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
because their breath with sweet meates tainted are. Sometime
shee gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he of smel-
ling out a sute: and somtime comes shee with a tithe-pigs tale,
tickling a Parsons nose as a lies a sleepe, then he dreames of an-
other Benefice. Sometime shee driueth ore a souldiers necke,
and then dreames hee of cutting forraine throats, of breaches,
ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, and
then anon drums in his eare, at which hee starts and wakes, and
being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two, and sleepes againe:
this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the
night: and bakes the Elflocks in foule sluttish haires, which
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the Hag, when Maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is shee.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.
Merc. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie:
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angred puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Ro. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute; on lustie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a Trencher, he scrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners shall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwasht to, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioyn-stooles, remoue the Court-cubbert, looke to the Plate, good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou loues me, let the Porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell, Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in the great Chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now denie to dance, she that makes daintie,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a Visor and could tell

A whispering Tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play:

Musicke playes, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it girles,
More light you Knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dancing dayes:
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucientio*,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder sir:
His sonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
Ro. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.
Ro. O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewell in an Æthiops eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a snowe Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forsweare it sight,
For I nere saw true beautie till this night.
Tib. This by his voyce, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,

To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. Why how now kinſman wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this a *Mountague* our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Capu. Yong *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe doe him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman Boy, I ſay he ſhall, goe too,
Am I the Maſter here or you? goe too,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You will ſet a Cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Tib. Why Vncle, tis a ſhame.
Capu. Goe too, goe too.
You are a ſawcy Boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry tis time,
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:

I will

I will withdraw but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſinne is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrims did readie ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſſe.
Iu. Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too much
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands doe tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in Prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray, (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to deſpaire.
Iu. Saints doe not moue, though grant for Prayers ſake.
Ro. Then moue not while my Prayers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purg'd.
Iu. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrgd:
Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. You kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nur. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Ladie of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh Banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen, good night:

More-

More Torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fay it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.
Iuli. Come hither *Nurse*, what is yond Gentleman?
Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*
Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of the doore?
Nurs. Marrie that I thinke be yong *Petruchio.*
Iuli. Whats he that followes here that would not dance?
Nurs. I know not.
Iuli. Goe aske his name, if he be marryed,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great Enemie.
Iuli. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a lothed Enemie.
Nurs. Whats tis? what tis?
Iu. A Rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danst withall.

One calls within Iuliet.

Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers are all gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de for and would dye,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe supposde he must complaine,
And she steale loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new beloued any where:

But

But passion lends them Power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo *alone*

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wise, & on my life hath stolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Mer. Nay Ile coniure too.
Romeo. humours, madam, passion, louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime and I am satisfied:
Cry but ay me, pronounce but loue and die,
Speake to my Gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her pur-blind sonne and heire
Yong *Abraham Cupid*: he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the Begger-maide.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The ape is dead, and I must coniure him;
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till shee had laide it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight,
My inuocation is faire and honest, and in his mistresse name.
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
To be consorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer.

Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kind of fruit,
As maides call Medleſs when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that ſhee were, O that ſhee were
An open & catera, and thou a Poperin Peare.
Romeo good-night Ile to my Truckle-bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we goe?
Ben. Goe then, for tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*
Ro. He ieaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breakes?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.
Ariſe faire Sunne and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already ſicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maide at farre more faire then ſhee:
Be not her maide ſince ſhee is enuious,
Her veſtall liuerie is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my loue, O that ſhee knew ſhee were,
Shee ſpeakes yet ſhee ſayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am to bold tis not to me ſhee ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the heauen,
Hauing ſome buſines, doe entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their ſpheres till they returne,
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhee leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iuli. Ay me
Rom. Shee ſpeakes.

Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged Meſſenger of Heauen
Vnto the white vp-turned wondring eyes,
Of Mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And ſayles vpon the boſome of the Ayre.
Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my Loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Rom. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?
Iuli. Tis but thy name that is my Enemie:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme nor face, O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? that which we call a Roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweet,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retayne that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.
Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence-forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſcreend in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?
Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am,
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?
Rom. Neither faire Maide, if either thee diſlike.

Iu. How cameſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Ro. With loues light wings did I ore-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doe, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iu. If they doe ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Ro. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.
Iu. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iuli. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſht with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe
Iuli. Thou knoweſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farewell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe; at louers periuries
They ſay *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:

And therefore thou maieſt thinke my behauiour light,
But truſt me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue more coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue beene more ſteange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer heardſt ere I was ware
My true loue paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruite tree tops.
Iu. O ſweare not by the Moone th'inconſtant Moone,
That monthly changes in her circled orbe,
Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iuli. Doe not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gratious ſelfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well doe not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſde, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to bee,
Ere, one can ſay, it lightens, ſweet good night:
This bud of loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious flower when next wee meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?
Iu. What ſatisfaction canſt thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithfull vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Wouldſt thou withdraw it, for what purpoſe loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the ſea,

My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare Loue adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rights
And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Loue throughout the World. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy sute, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times good-night.
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight,
Loue goes toward loue as Schoole-boyes from their Bookes,
But loue from loue, toward Schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet *againe.*

Iu. Hist *Romeo*, hist, O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then myne
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my loue that cals vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Iu. Romeo.
Rom. My Deere.
Iul. What a clock to morrow

Shall

Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iuli. I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Iuli. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy company.
Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iuli. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like poore Prisoner in his twisted gyues.
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Iu. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.
Ro. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.
Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Fryer alone with a Basket.

Fri. The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streakes of light:
And fleckeld darkenesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path, and *Titans* burning wheeles,
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother in her Tombe,
What is her burying Graue, that is her wombe:

And

And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertures excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lyes
In Plants, Hearbs, Stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe-turnes vice being mis-applyed,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the Infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and Medicine power!
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all sences with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings, encampe them still
In man, as well as hearbes, grace, and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that plant.
Ro. Good morrow father.
Fri. Benedicite.
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Yong sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbrused youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne,
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprous'd with some distemp'rature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night,
Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline*?
Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
Fri. That's my good sonne, but where hast thou beene then?
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:
That's by me wounded, both our remedies.
Within thy helpe and holy physick lyes:
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe,
Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling Confession, finds but ridling Shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on her, so hers is set on mine
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
By holy Marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken? yong mens loue then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throne away in waste,
To season loue that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from Heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ring in my ancient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Ro. Thou chid'st me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing Pupill mine.

Ro. And badst me bury loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O she knew well,
Thy loue did read by rote, that could no spell:
But come yong Wauerer, come and goe with me,
In one respect Ile thy assistant be:
For this Alliance may so happie proue,
To turne your housholds rancor to pure loue.
Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.
Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Deu'le should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tibalt, the Kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his fathers house.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answere it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answere a Letter.
Ben, Nay, he will answere the Letters Master, how he dares being dared.
Mer. Alas, poore *Romeo*, hee is alreadie dead, stab'd with a white Wenches blacke Eye, run through the eare with a Loue-Song, the very Pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde Bow-boyes But-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?
Rom. Why, what is *Tibalt*?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. O hee's the couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing Prick-song, keepes time, distance and proportion, hee rests his *minum* rests, one two and the third in your bosome: the very Butcher of a silke

silke button, a dualist, a dualist, a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the punto reuerso, the Hay.
Ben. The what?
Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandsir, that wee should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardona-mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.
Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie shee had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helten* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo Bonieur*, theres a French saluation to your frenchslop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairely last night.
Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?
Mer. the slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?
Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.
Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours constraines a man to bow in the hams.
Romeo. Meaning to curtsie.
Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
Rom. A most curteous exposition.
Mer. Nay, I am the very pincke of curtesie:
Romeo. Pinck for flower.
Mer. Right.
Romeo. Why then is my pump well flowred.
Mer. Sure wit, follow mee this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne,

 the

the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Ro. O ſingle ſolde ieaſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe,

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild gooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the wilde gooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Ro. Thou waſt neuer with mee for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.

Ro. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweting, it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Ro. And is it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell-broad.

Ro. I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee farre and wide, a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why? is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by Nature, for this driueling loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire,

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heres goodly geare. *Enter* Nurſe *and her man.* A ſayle a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face,

Nurſe. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.

Mer. God ye goodden faire Gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it goodden?

Mer. Tis no leſſe I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nurſe. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One Gentlewomã, that God hath made, himſelfe to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth it is well ſaide, for himſelfe to marre quath a: Gentlemen can any of you tell me where I may finde the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then hee was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt well, very well tooke, ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If thou be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. Shee will endite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Ro. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare ſir, vnleſſe a hare ſir in a Lenten-pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in Lent.

But a hare that is hore is too much for a ſcore, when it hoares ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie?

Romeo. A Gentleman *Nurſe*, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then hee will ſtand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him down, and a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his Gil-flurts, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muſt

 ſtand

ſtand by too, and ſuffer euery Knaue to vſe mee at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruie Knaue: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my yong Ladie bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid mee ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a Fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kind of behauiour as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and verie weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtris, I proteſt vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke mee?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you doe proteſt, which as I take it, is Gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deuiſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this afternoone,
And there ſhe ſhall at Fryer *Lawrence* Cell
Be ſhriued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a pennie.

Rom. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my Conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie, and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtris.

Nur.

Nur. Now God in Heauen bleſſe thee, harke you ſir.

Ro. What ſay'ſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nur. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keepe counſell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Ladie, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Nobleman in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay Knife aboord: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue ſee a Tode, a very Tode as ſee him: I angerer ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall World, doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a Letter?

Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker that's the Dogges name. *R*. is for the no, I know it beginnes with ſome other letter, and ſhee hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would doe you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thouſand times *Peter*?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, loues Heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hils:
Therefore doe nimble pinion'd Doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the winde ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sunne vpon the highmoſt hill
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull bloud,
Shee would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,

My

My words would bandie her to my sweet Loue.
And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they were dead,
Vnweildie, slow, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O honey *Nurse* what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweet *Nurse*, O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'st the Musick of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come, I pray thee speake, good, good *Nurse* speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast, can you not stay a while?
Doe you not see that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou do'st make in this delay,
Is longer then the Tale thou do'st excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know not how to choose a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his face be better then any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand and a foot and body, though they bee not to bee talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy wayes Wench, serue God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No, no, but all this did I know before
What sayes he of our Marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord, how my head akes, what a head haue I:
It beates as it would fall in twentie pieces.
My backe a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To

To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

Iu. Ifaith I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet *Nurse*, tell me what sayes my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue sayes like an honest Gentleman,
And a curteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?

Iu. Where is my mother, why, shee is within, where should she bee?
How odly thou replyest:
Your Loue sayes like an honest Gentleman,
Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot, marry come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Hence-forward doe your Messages your selfe.

Iu. Here's such a coyle, come what sayes *Romeo*?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to goe to shrift to day?

Iu. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Fryer *Lawrence* Cell.
There stayes a Husband to make you a Wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
They'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must another way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must climbe a Birds-neast soone when it is darke
I am the Drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Goe Ile to dinner, hye you to the Cell.

Iu. Hie to high fortune, honest *Nurse* farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier *and* Romeo.

Fri. So smile the Heauens vpon this holy Act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Ro. Amen, Amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Doe thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then

Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent ends,
And in their triumph dye like fire and powder;
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſomneſſe in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift, arriues as tardie, as too ſlow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Ladie, Oh ſo light afoot
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,
A Louer may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That idles in the wanton Summer Ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanitie.

Iu. Good euen to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, elſe in his thankes too much.

Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour Ayre, and let rich Muſickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament,
They are but Beggers that can count their worth;
But my true Loue is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſumme vp ſome of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolion, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we ſhall not ſcape a brawle, for now theſe hot dayes, is the mad bloud ſtirring.

Mer.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when hee enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps mee his ſword vpon the table, and ſayes, God ſend mee no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode, as any in *Italie*: and aſſoone moued to bee moodie, and aſſoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould haue none ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſell eyes: what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpie out ſuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is ful of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou haſt quareld with a man for coffing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath layne aſleepe in the Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter: with another, for tying his new ſhooes with old riband, and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple. O ſimple.

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio. *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tibalt. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen, Good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with ſomthing, make it a word and a blow.

Ti. You ſhall find mee apt inough to that fir, and you will giue me occaſion.

Mercut. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giuing?

Ti. *Mercutio* thou consorteſt with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort, what do'ſt thou make vs Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of vs, look to heare nothing but diſcords, here's my Fiddleſticke, heere's that ſhall make you dance zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grieuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eies were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man:

Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir, if he weare your Liuery:
Marry goe before to field, heele be your follower,
Your Worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a Villaine.

Ro. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertayning rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Ti. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I doe proteſt I neuer iniured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion:
Alla ſtucatho carries it away.
Tibalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Ti. What wouldſt thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe mee hereafter drie beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? make haſte, leaſt

leaſt mine bee about your eares ere it bee out.

Ti. I am for you.

Ro. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come ſir your Paſſado.

Ro. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſly hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona* ſtreets,
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped,
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry 'tis enough,
Where is my Page? goe Villaine, fetch a Surgeon.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No 'tis not ſo deepe as a Well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but 'tis enough, twill ſerue: aske for me to morrow, and you ſhall find mee a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this World, a plague a both your houſes, ſounds a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat to ſcratch a man to death, a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmetick, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio*.
Or I ſhall faint, a plague a both your houſes.
They haue made wormes meat of me,
I haue it, and ſoundly to your houſes———

Exit

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaynd
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath b:ene my Cozin, O ſweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beautie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Enter

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.
Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on moe dayes doth depend,
This but begins, the woe others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.
Ro. He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen respectiue lenitie,
And fire and furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backagaine,
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutio's* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.
Ti. Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falls.*

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence begone, away.
Ro. O, I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit. Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio?*
Tibalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?
Benu. There lyes that *Tibalt.*
Citi. Vp, sir, goe with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can discouer all:
The vnluckie manage of this fatall brall,

There

There lyes the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman, braue *Mercutio.*
Capu.Wi. *Tibalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozin, husband, O the bloud is spild
Of my deare kinsman, Prince, as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, shead bloud of *Montague.*
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudy fray?
Ben. *Tibalt* here slaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high displeasure all this vttered.
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly spleene
Of *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With peircing steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tibalt*, whose dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His agill arme beates downe their fatall points,
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tibalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertayn'd reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tibalt* slaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Ca.Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice, which thou, Prince, must giue:

Romeo

Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Moun. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the Law should end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an Interest in your hearts proceeding.
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exit

Enter Iuliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see todoe their amorous rights,
By their owne beauties, or of loue to blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse maiden-heads
Hood my vnmand bloud baiting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,

For

For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black-browd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when hee shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my *Nurse*:

Enter Nurse *with cords.*

And shee brings newes and euery tongue that speakes
But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence:
Now *Nurse*, what newes? what hast thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iuliet. Ay me, what newes? why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nur. A weladay, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
A lacke the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be so enuious.
Nur. *Romeo* can.
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.
Iu. What diuell art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be rored in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo,

Nur.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawde in blood,
All in goare blood, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iu. O breake my heart, poore bankrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes, nere lookt on libertie.
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe one heauie beere.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone?
Nur. *Tybalt*, is goue, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him he is baniſhed.
Iuliet. O God, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tibalts* blood?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer dragon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen, woluiſh-rauening lambe,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhow:
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint, an honourable villaine:
O Nature, what hadſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou didſt power the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periurde, all for-ſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome *Aqua-vitæ*?

Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iu. Bliſtered be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For tis a throne where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſall earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue ſlaine,
And *Tibalts* dead that would haue ſlaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then:
Some words there was worſer then *Tibalts* death
That murdered me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to ſinners minds,
Tibalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be wranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tibalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne Lamentation might haue moued,
But with a reareward following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound
Where is my father and my mother *Nurse*?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* corse,
Will you goe to them: I will bring you thither.
Iu. Wash they his wounds with teares: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment.
Take vp those cords, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widdowed.
Come cord, come *Nurse*, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden-head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier *and* Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? What is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar.
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre companie?
I bring thee tydings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then Doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Ro. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, doe not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But purgatory, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death mistearm'd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sinne, O rude vnthankefulnesse,
Thy fault our Law cals death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death to banishment.
This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.
Ro. 'Tis torture and not mercie, Heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery Cat and Dogge,
And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her.
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flyes, then *Romeo:* they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and Vestall modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sinne.
This may flyes doe, when I from this must flye:
And sayst thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished,
Flyes may doe this, but I from this must flye:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt no sharpe ground Knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me: Banished?
O Fryer, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne Obsoluer, and my Friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little ſpeake.
Ro. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerſities ſweet milke, Philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou art baniſhed.
Ro. Yet baniſhed? hang vp Philoſophie,
Vnleſſe Philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee, that mad men haue no eares.
Ro. How ſhould they, when wiſe men haue no eyes.
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Ro. Thou canſt not ſpeake of that thou doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mighteſt thou teare thy haire,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.

Nurſe knocks.

Fri. Ariſe, one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe,
Ro. Not I, vnleſſe the breath of heart-ſicke grones
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

Knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (who's there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken (ſtay awhile) ſtand vp.

Knocke againe.

Run to my ſtudie (by and by) Gods will,
What ſimpleneſſe is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Where's my Ladies Lord, where's *Romeo*.
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O, he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe,
Juſt in her caſe. O wofull ſimpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen ſo lyes ſhee,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O:
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not ſhee thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue ſtaynd the child-hood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhee? and how doth ſhee? and what ſayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh, ſhee ſayes nothing, ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tibalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cryes,
And then downe falls againe.
Rom. As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cryes out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
The vnreaſonable furie of a beaſt:
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tibalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?

And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayleſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſhameſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer aboundſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould be decke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,
Diſgreſſing from the valour of a man.
Thy deare loue ſworne, but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſſe-ſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skill-leſſe Souldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of bleſſings lights vpon thy backe,
Happineſſe courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a misbehau'd and ſullen Wench,
Thou powts vpon thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy

Then

Then thou wentſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before *Nurſe*, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauie ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtayd here all the night,
To heare good counſell, oh what Learning is:
My Lord, Ile tell my Lady you will come.
Ro. Doe ſo, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide,
Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bids me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it growes very late.
Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.
Fri. Goe hence, goodnight, and here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chances here:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Ro. But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his Wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her Kinſman *Tibalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, ſhee'l not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would haue beene a bed an houre agoe.
Paris. Theſe times of wo, affoord no times to woe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.
La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhe is mewed vp to her heauineſſe.
Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rulde.

In

In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her here of my sonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Paris. Monday, my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wendsday is too soone,
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her,
Shee shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? doe you like this haste?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tibalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow,

Capu. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Goe you to *Iuliet* ere you goe to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell, my Lord, light to my chamber, ho,
Afore me, it is so very late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly shee sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the morne,
No Nightingale; looke loue what enuious streakes
Doe lace the seuering clouds in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tip-toe on the mistie Mountaynes tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not day light, I know it I:

It

It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say you gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes doe beate
The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay then will to goe:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweet Diuision.
This doth not so: for she deuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and lothed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madame *and* Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iu. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Iu. Art thou gone so Loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*

Ro.

Ro. Farewell.
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
Iu. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?
Ro. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Iu. O God I haue an ill diuining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou lookeſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me loue, in my eye ſo doe you:
Dry ſorrow drinkes our bloud. Aduc, aduc.
Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renowm'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.
Enter Mother.
La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who iſt that cals? it is my Lady Mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late or vp ſo early?
What vnaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hether?
La. Why, how now *Iuliet*.
Iu. Madam, I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, ſome griefe ſhewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe,
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which ſlaughtered him.

Iu. What Villaine Madam?
La. That ſame Villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine, and he be many miles a ſunder:
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
La. That is becauſe the Traytor liues.
Iu. I Madam, from the reach of theſe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that ſame baniſht Runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him ſuch an accuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tibalt* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Iu. Indeed I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, ſo for a Kinſman vext:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd and cannot come to him.
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughtere dhim.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and ile find ſuch a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tiding Girle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in ſuch a needy time,
What are they, I beſeech your Ladiſhip?
Mo. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull father childe.
One who to put thee from thy heauineſſe,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that?
Mo. Marrie my childe, early next Thurſday morne.
The gallant, yong, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happly make thee there a ioyfull Bride.

Iu. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and* Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun sets, the Ayre doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sun-set of my Brothers sonne,
It raines downe right.
How now a Conduit Girle, what still in teares.
Euermore showring: In one little body?
Thou counterfeits, a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she giues you thankes.
I would the Foole were marryed to her Graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you Wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thankes?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
(Vnworthy as she is) that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Iu. Not proud, you haue, but thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How now, how now, chopt logick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud: Mistris minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine loynts gainst Thursday next,
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will dragge thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene sickenesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you madde?
Iu. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
Fa. Hang thee yong baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, doe not answere mee.
My fingers itch, wife, wee scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that wee haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen blesse her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.
Fa. And why my Lady wisdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, goe.
Nur. I speake no treason,
Fa. O Godigeden,
Nur. May not one speake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowle,
For here wee need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes mee madde,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone, in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly allied,
Stuft (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportioned as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,

A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To anſwere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with mee:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, begge, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule, ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall euer doe thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, ile not be forſworne. *Exit*

Iuliet. Is there no pittie ſitting in the cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my griefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not ſpeake a word,
Doe as thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

Iuliet. O God. O *Nurſe*, how ſhall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth: comfort me, counſaile me:
A lacke, a lacke, that heauen ſhould practice ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſaiſt thou, haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort *Nurſe*, (nothing,

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is baniſhed, and all the world to
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs muſt be my ſtealth:
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romeos a diſhclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quicke, ſo faire an eye

As

As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt, or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vſe of him.

Iu. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my ſoule too, or elſe beſhrew them both.

Iu. Amen.

Nur. What?

Iu. Well, thou haſt comforted me maruailous much,
Goe in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſde my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolu'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done. *Exit.*

Iu. Auncient damnation, O moſt wicked fiend,
Is it more ſinne to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Goe Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die. *Exit.*

Enter Frier *and Countie* Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir, the time is very ſhort.

Pa. My father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlacke his haſte.

Fri. You ſay you doe not know the Ladies mind:
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares,
Now ſir, her father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome haſts our marriage,
To ſtoppe the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſocietie.

Now

Now doe you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Looke sir here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter. Iuliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be must be loue, on Thursday next.
Iu. What must be, shall be.
Fri. Thats a certayne text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Iu. To answere that, I should confesse to you.
Pa. Doe not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confesse to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.
Iu. If I doe so, it will bee of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore soule thy face is much abusd with teares.
Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,
For it was bad enough before their spight.
Pa. Thou wrongst it more then teares with that report.
Iu. That is slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.
Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure, holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at Euening Masse?
Fri. My leisure serues me, pensiue Daughter now,
My Lord we must intreate the time alone.
Pa. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit.*
Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
It strames me past the compasse of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Iu.

Iu. Tell me not *Frier* that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wisdome thou canst giue no helpe,
Doe thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this Knife, Ile helpe it presently,
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald:
Shall be the Labell to another deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien'st time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extremes and me, this bloudy Knife
Shall play the Vmpire, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to dye,
If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedie.
Fri. Hold daughter, I doe spy a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution.
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coop'st with death himselfe, to scape from it.
And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marry *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Ore couered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes and yellow chapelesse sculs:
Or bid me goe into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstayn'd wife to my sweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall runne,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse but surcease
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
Too paly ashes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowle thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our Countrey is,
In thy best Robes vncouerd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy Kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the Kindred of the *Capulets* lye,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolue, ile send a *Frier* with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare Father. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, *and Seruingmen, two or three.*

Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, goe hire me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for ile try if they can licke their fingers.
Ca. How canst thou try them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Goe be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time: what is my daughter gone to *Frier Lawrence*?
Nur. I forsooth.
Ca. Well he may chance to doe some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merrie looke.
Ca. How now my head-strong, where haue you beene gadding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To begge your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer ruld by you,
Ca. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becommed loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
Ca. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,
This is as't should be, let me see the County:
I marrie, goe I say, and fetch him hither.

Now afore God, this reuerend holy *Frier*,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurſe, will you goe with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday, there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, goe with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Goe thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to deck vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huſwife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward Girle is ſo reclaim'd.
Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet *and* Nurſe.

Iu. I'thoſe attyres are beſt, but gentle *Nurſe*
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many Oriſons,
To moue the Heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou knoweſt, is croſſe and full of ſinne.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the *Nurſe* this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure, you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
Exeunt.

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we ſhall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhee doe here?
My diſmall Sceane I needs muſt act alone.
Come Viall, what if this mixture doe not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the *Frier*?
Subtilly hath miniſtred, to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonourd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill beene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be ſtiffled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncеſtors are packt,
Where bloody *Tibalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhrowd, where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night, ſpirits reſort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them runne mad.
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,)
And madly play with my forefathers ioynes?

And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers point: stay *Tibalt* stay:
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold, take these keyes, and fetch more spices *Nurse.*
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath roung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Goe you Cot-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.
La. I you haue bin a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady *and* Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haste, make haste sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out Logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be Loggerhead; good faith tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere.
Nurse, wife, what ho. what *Nurse* I say?

Enter Nurse.

Goe waken *Iuliet*, goe and trim her vp, Ile

Ile goe and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste,
Make haste, the Bridegroome, he is come alreadie, make haste
I say.
Nur. Mistris, what Mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Ladie, fie you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweet heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe:
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladie's dead.
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some *Aqua-vitæ* ho, my Lord, my Lady.
Mo. What noyse is heere?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will dye with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. She's dead: deceast, she's dead, alacke the day,
Mo. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
Fa. Hah, let me see her, out alas she's cold,
Her bloud is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long beene separated,
Death lyes on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. O wofull time.

Fa.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Tyes vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier *and the Countie, with the Musitians.*

Fri. Come, is the Bride readie to goe to Church?

Fa. Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lyes,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will dye,
And leaue him all, life, liuing, all is deaths.

Paris. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accurst, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing childe,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Paris. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martyrd, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O child, O child, my soule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions, care liues not
In these confusions, Heauen and your selfe

Had part in this faire Maid, now Heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But Heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your Heauen she should be aduanst,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that liues married long,
But she's best married, that dyes married yong.
Dry vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Festiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our Instruments to melancholy Bels,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall Feast:
Our solemne Hymnes to sullen Dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir goe you in; and Madam, goe with him,
And goe sir *Paris* euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
The Heauens doe lowre vpon you for some ill:
Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exeunt manent Musici.

Musi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest good-fellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pittifull case.

Fid. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, Oh Musitions, hatts ease, harts ease,

O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts eaſe,
Fidler Why hearts eaſe?
Peter. O Muſitions, becauſe my hart it ſelfe plaies, my hart is full of woe.
O play me ſome merry dumpe to comfort me.
Minſtrels. Not a dumpe we, tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then giue it you ſoundly.
Min. What will you giue vs?
Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.
Min. Then will I giue you the ſeruing creature.
Pet. Then will I ſay the ſeruing creatures dagger on your pate. I will carrie no Crochets, ile Re you, ile Fa you doe you note me?
Min. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you note vs,
2.*M*. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Peter. Then haue at you with my wit.
I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, & put vp my yron dagger.
Anſwere me like men:
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then muſique, with her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound, why muſicke with her ſiluer ſound, what ſay you Simon Catling?
Min. Mary ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet Pratee, what ſay you Hugh Rebick?
2.*M*. I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.
Pet. Pratee to, what ſay you Iames ſound poſt?
3.*M*. Faith I know not what to ſay.
Pet, O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you; it is Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound,
Becauſe Muſitions haue no Gold for ſounding:
Then Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound with ſpeedy helpe doth lend redreſſe,

Exit. *Min.*

Min. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?
M.2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and ſtay dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand,
My boſomes Lord. ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccuſtomd ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreampt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,
And breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how ſweet is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy,

Enter Romeos *man* Balthazer.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*?
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the *Frier*?
How doth my Lady, is my father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhee be well.
Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues,
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And preſently tooke poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.
Ro. Is it euen ſo? then I denie you ſtarres.
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire poſt horſes, I will hence to night.
Man. I doe beſeech you ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and doe import
Some miſaduenture.
Ro. Tuſh thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and doe the thing I bid thee doe.

Haſt thou no Letters to me from the *Frier*?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit.
Ro. No matter, get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe Horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes, O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men:
I doe remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts a dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouer-whelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a Tortoys hung,
An Allegater ſtuft, and other skinnes
Of ill ſhap't fiſhes, and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and muſtie ſeeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the Beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho Apothecarie:
Appo. Who cals ſo lowd?
Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſperſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Truncke may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder fierd

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And feareſt to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Neede and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggere hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Po. My pouerty, but not my will conſents,
Ro. I pay thy pouerty and not thy will.
Po. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Ro. There is thy Gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſouls,
Doing more murthers in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore compounds that thou mai'ſt not ſell,
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall and not poyſon, goe with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee.
Exeunt

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.
Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, brother, ho.
Enter Lawrence.
Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of *Frier* Iohn,
Welcome from *Mantua*: what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the towne,
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe,
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that may ſpeede to *Mantua* there was ſtaide.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?
Iohn. I cold not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brother-hood,
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May doe much danger: Fryer *Iohn* goe hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

Exit.

Iohn Brother Ile goe and bring it thee.
Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris *and his* Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond yong trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest something approch,
Giue me those flowers, doe as I bid thee goe.
Pag. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.

Par. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew,
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with teares distil'd by mones;
The Obsequies that I for thee will keepe,

Nightly

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approch,
What curst foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my Obsequies and true Loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthazer *his man.*

Ro. Giue me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron.
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heareſt or seest, stand all aloofe,
And doe not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous dost returne to pry
In what I farther shall intend to doe,
By Heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limmes:
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roring Sea.
Balt. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
Balt. For all this same, ile hide me here about.
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to open,
And in despight ile cram thee with more food.
Pa. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loues Couzin; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature dyed,

And

And here is come to doe some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death?
Condemned Villaine, I doe apprehend thee.
Obey and goe with me, for thou must dye.

Ro. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flye hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not another sinne vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone,
By Heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee runne away.

Par. I doe defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee Boy.

Page O, Lord, they fight, I will goe call the watch.

Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Ro. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutio's Kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes Booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, A Lanthorne, slaughtred Youth:
For here lyes *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lye thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,

Haue they beene merrie? which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a Lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the Honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy beautie:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauties ensigne yet
Is Crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tibalt lyest thou there in thy bloudy sheet?
O what more fauour can I doe to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*.
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this palace of dimme night
Depart againe; here, here will I remayne,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaydes: O here
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this World-wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateles bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauourie guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rockes, thy Sea-sicke weary Barke:
Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary;
Thy Drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I dye.

Enter Frier *with Lanthorne, Crow and Spade.*

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

Balt. Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles, as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Balt. It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maſter, one that you loue,
Fri. Who is it?
Balt. *Romeo.*
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Balt. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Goe with me to the Vault.
Balt. I dare not Sir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Fri. Stay, then ile goe alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnluckie thing.
Balt. As I did ſleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreampt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.
Fri. *Romeo.*
Alacke, alacke, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirs.
Iuli. O comfortable *Frier*, where is my Lord?
I doe remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away.

Thy

Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſter-hood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
Come, goe good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.

Exit.

Iuli. Goe get thee hence, for I will not away,
Whats here? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?
Poyſon I ſee hath beene his timeleſſe end:
O churle, drinke all, and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happly ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy *and Watch.*

Watch. Leade boy, which way?
Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile be brieſe. O happy dagger.
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloody, ſearch about the Churchyard.
Goe ſome of you, who ere you find, attach.
Pittifull ſight, here lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead:
Who here hath laine theſe two dayes buried,
Goe tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets.*
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes doe lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeos *man.*

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chiefe Watch. Hold him in ſafety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, *and another Watchman.*

3. *Watch.* Here is a *Frier* that trembles, ſighes, and weepes.

wee

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard side.
Chiefe Watch. A great suspition, stay the *Frier* too, too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That cals our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet *and his Wife.*

Ca. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open out-cry to ward our Monument.
Prin. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Souereigne, here lyes the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild.
Prin. Search, seeke and know how this foule murder comes.
Watch. Here is a *Frier*, and slaughtred *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.
Cap. O Heauen! O Wife! looke how our Daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath mistane, for loe his house,
Is emptie on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheath'd in my Daughters bosome.
Wi. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now early downe.
Moun. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the moneth of out-rage for a while,
Till we can cleere these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head their true descent,

And then will I be Generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death: meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.
Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heare I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excuse.
Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?
Frier. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious Tale.
Romeo there dead, was Husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, that *Romeo's* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death,
Banish't the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pin'd.
You, to remoue that siege of griefe from her,
Betroth'd and would haue married her perforce,
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage:
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so tutord by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my Letter backe, then all alone
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,

Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here vntimely lay,
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth
And beare this worke of Heauen with patience:
But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not goe with me:
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Mariage her *Nurse* is priuy:
And if ought in this miscarryed by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Where's *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*,
To this same place. To this same Monument
This letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah what made your Master in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue the tidings of her death,
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and there withall,
Came to this Vault, to dye and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?
See what a scourge is laid vpon your hate?
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with loue,

And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen, all are punisht.

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore Sacrifices of our enmitie.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head:
Goe hence to haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more woe,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.

Malone Add.

Arch. G
e. 25